

# The Musical World.

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## PROSPECTS OF A NATIONAL OPERA.

DAY by day the anticipations formed by the prospects of a National Opera have faded away and vanished into thin air, and now we scarcely ever hear the subject mentioned even in casual conversation, much less mooted, argued and discussed in private meeting or in public print. Even our own correspondents, so fiery and sanguine a few weeks back, so eager to uphold their individual opinions, and so ready to embark in the speculation—constituted according to their own suggestions—have laid aside their pens, and deliver themselves no longer to hints, surmises, meditations, probabilities, issues, and accomplishments. Are therefore the prospects of a National Opera dead, and shall we lay aside our labors in its behalf, because others are faint of heart and scant of hope? Not while there are in the country poets to write, musicians to compose, and audiences to approve. While Paris has three theatres solely devoted to the purposes of the national lyric drama, it may be asked, why has not London one? Does this most unaccountable circumstance arise from the dearth of composers and singers? Certainly not. Among composers have we not Balfe, Macfarren, Loder, John Barnett, Henry Smart, Frank Mori, and others, whom, no doubt, opportunity would force into existence? Except Auber among the French, and we have no hesitation in awarding the palm of superiority to our own composers. It cannot, therefore, be that our National Opera fails from want of writers of opera. In singing, it must be owned, that the French are vastly our superiors. They have better schools of teaching, provide better instructors, pay more attention to the pupils, and have altogether a higher notion of the art. At the *Academie Royale* if a pupil give indication of a good voice, his attention is especially directed to singing. In our English schools counterpoint and composition appear to be the end and aim of musical indoctrination. It is generally considered by teachers in this country that no singer can arrive at any height in his profession unless he is a first rate musician. This is an error which the history of art clearly indicates beyond the possibility of refutation. Among those singers who knew, or know, little or nothing of music, we may adduce Catalani, Pasta, Ambrogetti, Donzelli, Rubini, Tamburini, Ronconi, Grisi, Alboni, and a host of other celebrities. There are great exceptions certainly, such as Malibran and Jenny Lind, but they are few and far between, and only confirm the rule. In fact, a thorough knowledge of music is not essential to the constitution of a good singer. That such, certainly, would prove of the greatest

service to a vocalist no one can deny; but as so much time must be expended in gaining a clear and profound insight into its mysteries and *arcana*, it is evident, if a pupil have to make his bread by singing he had much better pay attention to his *sol fa* than endeavour to fathom and penetrate the depths and labyrinths of so abstruse a science.

At the present time, however, some few of our native singers may compete with the best which France can produce; but they, it must be observed, have been taught in Italy. They are, as our readers have already surmised, Catherine Hayes, Clara Novello, and Sims Reeves. From our native-taught vocalists we may select Miss Louisa Pyne (by the way, instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Bassano (instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Birch (instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Dolby (purely indigenous), Miss Poole (ditto), and others; Mr. William Harrison, Mr. Allen, Mr. Whitworth (by the way, instructed for a space on the continent), and others, well adapted to lend lustre, in their varied and several brilliancies, to a National Opera. Therefore it cannot be for lack of native talent in singing that we possess no lyric drama of our own.

When first, some seventeen or eighteen moons since, or, by'r lady, thereabouts, a National Opera was contemplated, it was resolved by a select few, with closed doors, that the managing directors should consist of eight members—namely, two poets to write the books, two musicians to compose the music, two publishers to sell the works and make all the money, and the other two to be manager and treasurer. When this monstrous monopoly was brought to light it frightened speculation from its propriety, and helped to turn the whole thing into ridicule. The National Opera died in select committee, with closed doors, and never passed beyond the circle of the two poets, the two musicians, the two publishers, the manager, and the treasurer. But from the ashes of this Phoenix arose another bird of gay plumage and bright promise. A second enterprise was started—a second view taken—a second committee called. The idea of restricting the composition and publishing of the works to the members was scouted. Oligarchy yielded to democracy, and everybody was invited to constitute himself part of the government—if in possession of money the more welcome. But as too many cooks spoil the broth in cooking, by a parity of reasoning, too many musicians were likely to spoil the National Opera in composing—and so it turned out. The republican form of government was found as difficult to establish as the oligarchic, and the idea of a National Opera was again knocked on the

head. The republicans, though they went farther than the oligarchists, did not go far enough. They wanted to confine the National Opera to works of native authors and composers, to native singers, native fiddlers and other strings, native wood and brass, native drums, native cymbals, native triangles, and a native conductor. They should have carried the absurdity to its true height, and prescribed native gut, native resin, and a native audience, above all, as indispensable.

And now Mr. Bunn is about to open Drury Lane as what he calls "the Real National Opera," with works of all composers, interpreted by artists of all nations, in English—as good as may be obtained. And such, after all, is the idea of a "National Opera" all over the world. In the Grand Opera of Paris, the *Academie Royale*, the real National Theatre, no foreigner is refused admittance, provided he exhibit talent to deserve it; and accordingly we find the works of Italian, German, and English musicians received there without preference or distinction. Rossini and Meyerbeer have sustained the fortunes of the great French Lyric Theatre no less than Boieldieu and Auber, and genius alone is the open sesame to its portals.

The Parisians have three lyric theatres devoted to French works—or works in the French language, and London at this moment does not possess one.\* We are at length about to possess an "English Opera" at Drury Lane, and Mr. Bunn may convert the term if he please into "National Opera." We shall wait until Drury Lane opens, before we hazard any remarks as to the prospects of the theatre under the new management. One thing is clear, that unless novelty be combined with excellence, the manager may anticipate a disastrous failure. The two Italian Operas have made the London musical public familiar with the best music and the best artists; and if they cannot obtain that, they must have the next best. With this Mr. Bunn can furnish them, and will, if he possess as much foresight as enterprise.

#### CLOSING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The opening of the Great Exhibition of All Nations was ushered in with smiles and sunshine; its going out was accompanied with tears and darkness. All nature seemed to weep over the sudden extinguishing of the mightiest and most splendid palace that ever shone out of the records of Arab tale or fairy lore. The sun disdained to shine that day, and hid himself within his chamber of clouds. He would not countenance with his lordly gaze the desecration of a temple that courted, not forbade his beams, and where for five months and upwards he had been permitted to wander unblinded, save at fiercest noon, through aisle and walk, and channel, and chamber, and gallery. In homely phrase, Wednesday, the official day of closing, was one of the wettest of the whole year. The rain fell in torrents all day, and the streets and roads were deluged with water. Nor was there a single glimpse of sunshine from morning to night.

\* The Haymarket, although it gives operatic performances, must be excepted; it is not devoted to opera.

Nothing could be more gloomy or disheartening than the appearance presented outside by the Crystal Palace. The flags on high hung damp and lifeless beside their standards. Not a flutter was observed among them, and their colours seemed to have vanished for ever. The splendours of the crystal walls were dimmed by the rain, and reflected back no quivering lines and patches of light. Richard Cœur de Lion was out of his element; the anthracite specimens gained a sickly transparency; and even the new life-boats with their barrels to preserve humanity fresh had lost all interest for speculation. Cabs and carriages added some life to the murky scene. They rolled hither and thither, the coachmen coated and caped, the horses heavy and halting, evidently having forgotten all about the wet season, and wondering at the cause of mid-day gloom and slanting rain.

The inside, however, afforded a different aspect. There all was at least comfortable if not brilliant, and if the sun refused to shed his light, the splendour and magnificence of the surrounding objects could not be concealed even in his partial eclipse. All the doors, including the exit doors, except those at the south entrance, were opened at ten, and closed at half-past eleven. The doors at the south entrance were reserved exclusively for Her Majesty's Commissioners, the Foreign and Local Commissioners, and the lady Exhibitors.

At twelve o'clock precisely His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Royal Commissioners, took their seats in the centre of the transept, when the first verse of the National Anthem was sung by the choir of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Dr. Henry Wylde; the Windsor choir, directed by Dr. Elvey; two bands of the Life Guards led by Messrs. Boose and Schott assisting, and most of the visitors joining. The effect was very grand, and would have been sublime had there been one rehearsal, and had the respected amateurs kept their sweet no-voices to themselves. Mr. Costa was expected to the last moment, but not having arrived, the general direction of the chorus was given to Dr. Henry Wylde, who acquitted himself ably and efficiently, and proved himself, though taken unawares, no unworthy substitute of the renowned missing *chef-d'orchestre*.

Lord Canning then, on behalf of the juries, read a report of their proceedings, and presented a list of the names of those Exhibitors entitled to rewards, together with the reports of the juries. The names, he declared, would be published in the *London Gazette*, on Friday, Oct. 17th (yesterday); and the medals, reports, and certificates, would be given out as soon as arrangements could be completed, of which due notice would be given.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert received the Reports from the hands of Lord Canning, and read a reply; after which the second verse of the National Anthem was sung in full chorus, the amateurs again chiming, or rather, unchiming in detrimentally.

A prayer of thanksgiving was then offered up by the Bishop of London; and the whole proceedings wound up with the Hallelujah Chorus from the *Messiah*, which had a splendid effect, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society coming out like thunder, and the fine treble voices of the Windsor choir telling admirably in this mightiest of mighty compositions.

And so in thunders and rain, fit accompaniments for the expiration of this monster monument of human industry and human ingenuity, closed for ever the Great Exhibition of All Nations!

# PROTEST TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

IN RE BROADWOOD AND SONS.

The subjoined protest was drawn up, signed, and sent to the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition by six out of the ten members forming the Musical Jury (Class Xa), on learning that their award in favour of Messrs. Broadwood had been annulled by the Council of Chairmen:—

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., &c., &c., &c., *President*,

AND TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, 1851.

*May it Please your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen,*

The Jury Class Xa, consisting of the following members:—

SIR H. R. BISHOP (Chairman and Reporter)	LE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM
SIR GEORGE SMART	DR. SCHAFHAUTL
M. THALBERG	MR. W. STERNDAL BENNETT
MR. CIPRIANI POTTER	DR. BLACK
MONS. BERLIOZ	DR. HENRY WYLDE,

of whom all were present except Dr. Black and Dr. Wylde, decided unanimously to award the great medal to the house of Broadwood for its successful improvements in pianofortes and pianoforte making. Dr. Black subsequently declared in the Jury-room his agreement with the award of his colleagues. This decision of the Jury was confirmed in the meeting of the group.

The Council of Chairmen, however (as it has been generally reported), rejected the award thus doubly confirmed, and in seeking for the grounds of this rejection the Jurors of Class Xa, who transmit these papers, are compelled to state it as their opinion that undue weight must have been attributed to mis-statements made at the meeting of the group, in the presence of many of the Chairmen, affecting Messrs. Broadwood's claim as improvers of the pianoforte. The mis-statements were upon remonstrance withdrawn; but it is a lamentable fact that the injurious effect of such statements positively put forth can seldom be completely effaced by a retraction.

Should such a decision of the Council of Chairmen respecting Messrs. Broadwood be reported to the Royal Commissioners, the Jurors who transmit this memorial beg most respectfully to be allowed to point out to His Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners that, in this case, a decision which was arrived at, after due deliberation by the Jury Class Xa, specially qualified and selected in consequence of technical knowledge of the objects to be submitted to its judgment, and which received subsequent confirmation from the group of associated Juries, has been set aside by a body of gentlemen, who, distinguished as they are for their general attainments, may have no special and technical knowledge of pianofortes and pianoforte making, nor have they in their capacity as Chairmen (except the Chairman of Class Xa, whose opinion and statements ought to have had due weight), even inspected or been called upon to become acquainted with the instruments upon which the award which they rejected was made; in spite of this fact the responsibility of the award will still probably, in the eyes of the public, rest with the primary Jury, and the memorializing Jurors, feeling that their professional and scientific reputation would be compromised by a decision so contrary, in their opinion, to the merits of the case, and which will, they are sure, astonish the whole European musical world, earnestly entreat His Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners to take the case into their consideration, and to apply to it such remedy as may seem best fitted in their judgment.

With this statement is transmitted an extract from an official document, setting forth the special mechanical improvements on which Messrs. Broadwood's claims are founded. And the memorializing Jurors conclude by expressing their conviction that the house of Messrs. Broadwood has eminently fulfilled every single condition contained in the "Instructions to the Juries," combining in their instruments "novelty of invention (of considerable impor-

tance and usefulness), perfection of workmanship, beauty of design, and superior quality of tone."

(Signed by) HENRY R. BISHOP, Knt. (Chairman, the Professor of Music at the University of Oxford,  
DR. SCHAFHAUTL, Commissioner from Bavaria, and Juror, Member of the Royal Academie, and Professor and Head Librarian in the University of Munich,  
LE CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM,  
WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT, Professor in the Royal Academy of Music and Queen's College, London,  
CIPRIANI POTTER, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music,  
GEORGE T. SMART, Knt., Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

## GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZES.

The following is a list of the Medals awarded for the Musical Instruments, and articles connected with their manufacture.

### JURY Xa.

#### THE COUNCIL MEDAL.

- Munich ... 23...Boehm, T., for important scientific improvements of the flute, and the successful application of his principles to other wind instruments
- France ... 173...Ducrequet, P. A., for his application of the pneumatic lever to a church organ
- U. King- ) 496 & ... { Erard, P., for his peculiar mechanical ac-  
France ) -France } tions applied to pianofortes and  
France ) 497 { harps
- U. Kingdom 555...Gray and Davison, for their invention in organ building, of a new method of connecting the great organ with the swell organ, by means of a pedal, and of a new stop called the Keraulophon.
- U. Kingdom 556...Hill and Son, invention of a stop of great power, and for their mode of shifting the stops by means of keys
- France ... 1725...Sax, A., for his invention of several classes of wind instruments in wood and metal
- France ... 735...Vuillaume, J. B., for new modes of making violins, in such a manner that they are matured and perfected immediately on the completion of the manufacture, thus avoiding the necessity of keeping them for considerable periods to develop their excellences
- U. Kingdom 209...Willis, H., for his application to organs of an improved exhausting valve to the pneumatic lever, the application of pneumatic levers in a compound form, and the invention of a movement in connexion therewith for facilitating the drawing of stops either singly or in connexion

#### THE PRIZE MEDAL.

- U. Kingdom 487...Addison, R., for a "Royal Albert" transposing pianoforte
- France ... 421...Bernadel, sen., for violins
- France ... 424...Besson, G., for various metal musical instruments
- U. Kingdom 519...Betts, A., for two violins
- Saxony ... 25...Breitkopf and Härtel, for a grand pianoforte
- U. Kingdom 518...Broadwood, John, and Sons, for their successful improvements in pianoforte making



- U. Kingdom 735...Bryceson, H., for a church barrel organ  
 France ... 442...Buffet, A., for oboes, clarionets, flutes, and a corno-inglese  
 U. Kingdom — ...Calceot, J., for his invention of a French harp without loose crooks  
 U. States ... 458...Chickering, J., for a square pianoforte, and the jury think highly of his grand pianoforte  
 U. Kingdom 168...Collard and Collard, for pianos, and for their successful application of several improvements in pianoforte making  
 France ... 1172...Debain, A., for a mechanical pianoforte  
 Tuscany ... 58...Ducci, A. and M., for an organ with a "Baristata" stop  
 U. States ... 481...Eisenbrant, C. H., for clarionets and flutes  
 U. Kingdom 509...Forster, S. A., for a violoncello, violi n, and viola  
 France ... 1234...Franché, C., for a new repetition action in a pianoforte  
 Spain ... 272...Gallegos, J., for a "Guitarra harp"  
 Prussia ... 848...Gebauhr, C. J., sen., for a pianoforte  
 U. States ... 442...Gemunder, G., for a Joseph Guarnerius violin (chiefly), and for three other violins, and a viola  
 France ... 454...Godfrey, C., Sen., for flutes  
 Nassau ... 8...Heckel, J. A., for a bassoon of a new and improved construction  
 U. Kingdom 615...Heeps, J. H., Hearing, apparatus, made of gutta percha  
 Wurtemberg 24...Helwert, J., for a bassoon with 19 keys, of an improved construction  
 U. Kingdom 500...Hopkinson, J. and J., for a horizontal grand pianoforte, with new patent action  
 U. Kingdom 486...Hund, F. and Son, for a cottage pianoforte, in the form of a lyre, termed the "Lyra" pianoforte  
 Belgium ... 176...Jastrzebski, F., for an upright pianoforte  
 France ... 1274...Janlin, J., for a panorgue, and for his improvements in free reed  
 U. Kingdom 484...Jenkins, W. and Sons, for an expanding pianoforte for yachts, &c.  
 U. Kingdom 487...Kirkman and Sons, for a semi grand-piano, and an oblique piccolo piano  
 Bavaria ... 100...Knoeke, A., for his mechanical improvements in kettle drums  
 U. Kingdom 549...Köhler, J., for a slide trombone, and for the application of his patent valves to other metal wind instruments  
 U. Kingdom 100...Lambert and Co., for a cottage pianoforte  
 U. Kingdom 673...Macfarlane, G., for an improved cornet à piston  
 Belgium ... 175...Mahillion, C., for clarionets, and a trombone and ophicleide  
 United States 474...Meyer, C., for two pianofortes  
 France ... 1665...Montal, C., for four cottage pianofortes.  
 United States 374...Nunns, R., and Clark, for a 7-octave square pianoforte  
 U. Kingdom 520...Oates, J. P., for improvements as applied to cornets  
 France ... 943...Pape, J. H., for certain improvements in pianofortes  
 U. Kingdom 504...Pask and Koenig, for clarionets and bass instruments  
 U. Kingdom 537...Purdy and Fendt, for a double bass (chiefly), and for four violins and two violoncellos  
 France ... 67...Roller and Blanchet Fils, for three pianofortes  
 U. Kingdom 536...Rudall, Rose, and Co., for a Boehm's patent flute  
 Wurtemberg 23...Schiedmayer and Son, for a square pianoforte in mahogany  
 Prussia ... 707...Schulze, J. F., and Sons, for an organ

- U. Kingdom 469...Southwell, W., for a grand pianoforte  
 U. Kingdom 470...Stodart, W., and Son, for a square pianoforte  
 France ... 1510...Tribert, F., for oboes and a "corno inglese"  
 U. Kingdom 527...Ward, C., for a new-constructed bassoon, and a pair of kettle drums  
 U. Kingdom 526...Wheatstone and Co., for a novel invention of a portable harmonium  
 U. Kingdom 499...Wornum, R., for an improved piccolo pianoforte

## MONEY AWARDS.

- U. Kingdom 468...Greiner, G. F., for his new and useful method of bringing into unison the strings of each choir of the pianoforte, also for his invention of a new and mechanical contrivance for pianos, combining the advantage of Erard's machine with greater simplicity of construction and durability, 50l.  
 United States — Wood, I. S., for the expences incurred in constructing his piano violin, 50l.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

To borrow a mercantile phrase, musical matters may fairly be termed brisk with us just now. The tempting announcement in our bills, invite us to a couple of concerts, to be given in the course of the ensuing week, by the Glee and Madrigal Union, Messrs. Lockey, Phillips and Co. Prices do not yet transpire, nevertheless, we may anticipate a crowded room on both occasions. At the same place, the Free Trade Hall, the projectors of the usual weekly cheap "Concerts for the People," announce their opening night for Monday next. Miss Deakin, a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Shaw, is spoken of as the soprano, with Mr. Delavanti, already a favourite here, as barytone, and a Mr. Perring for tenor, Mr. D. W. Banks as formerly, as director. A series of "Saturday Evening Concerts" are also to be given by the committee of the Mechanics' Institution. A most excellent array of names are put forth including all the choice of our local artists, and if the scheme be only spiritedly carried out, a musical treat of a high order is in store for us. Mr. Conran is appointed conductor. Ere your readers peruse the present, the Italian Opera Company at our Theatre Royal will have passed from us, at least as far as Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are concerned. This short but admirable run of opera has been musically speaking highly successful, otherwise we cannot offer an opinion. We hear Miss L. Pye with Mr. Harrison are to follow in English opera; perhaps, we may say the very soul and spirit of the whole success is centred in that very clever *chef* of the orchestra and composer, Mr. Loder. A recent musical event of more than ordinary local importance, namely, the performance for the first time of a new oratorio, *Emmanuel*, by a resident professor, Mr. Glover, we were sorry to find passed over by your usual correspondent here, in a late number, with but few comments, and these perhaps not without some slight inaccuracies. Let us quote him. "It certainly does seem a daring attempt to write an oratorio on the very subject which the colossal Handel has rendered immortal by his *Messiah*. Who is there of modern times since Beethoven, except the ever to be lamented Mendelssohn, fit to approach such a subject. Yet neither Mendelssohn, nor Beethoven attempted it; they tried and succeeded on other sacred themes, but the *Messiah* was left to their great predecessor." Surely this writer could not be ignorant of the existence of the *Mount of Olives* on one hand, and the all but completed *Christus* on the other; besides if he had only compared the libretto, he would find that the composer of *Emmanuel* had carefully eschewed coming into collision with any part of the *Messiah*, doubtless, impressed that the selection of such passages as had been previously set to music by the leviathan Handel

would only be likely to bring prejudicial reminiscences to the majority of ordinary listeners, and thereby seriously endanger the success of the work. We happen to have been present on the occasion of the performances of *Emmanuel*, and although personally almost a stranger to Mr. Glover, we had long ago formed favourable opinions of his musical abilities, and with copy in hand, we wended our way to the Free Trade Hall, and unlike your rather fastidious correspondent, arrived in time to hear the overture. This introduction is short, and different to the general form of overture which is in most cases a disjointed production, portraying briefly a sketch of what follows; the present only gives out the subject of the opening chorus, "Tremble O Earth," in C minor, which is commenced by all in unison, and subsequently changes to the major in the words, "But the Sun of Righteousness shall arise." This chorus is altogether very finely brought out, and by a large mass of voices would be very effective. As the leading points of the first part of the work were briefly touched upon by your usual correspondent, we will pass on to what follows. After a short recitative, which by the way was the most feeble point in the work, we have a chorus, "Who is this that doeth wonders;" this is strikingly original in character with a good flow of melody, and was most loudly encored. A chorale of disciples, *unaccompanied*, is by many considered the gem of the work. It will bear comparison with some of, perhaps, the best specimens of ecclesiastical music. During this, the orchestra is silent, and the breathless suspense of the auditors is excellently in keeping with the situation of the devout worshippers on the Mount of Olives. A recitative and air for soprano, "Bow down thine ear," is remarkable for the skilful introduction of the bass instruments, which tell on the listener with an almost thrilling effect. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in this part of the work is a lovely contralto air, "Eye hath not seen," this was sung by Mrs. Brook, with considerable fervour and expression, and was universally redemanded. We fear to encroach too far on your space, or would go more into detail on the merits of the work. We must, however, accord the promising author our warmest acknowledgments for the pleasure we experienced at this its first performance. Your correspondent is in error when he says the band was "small and select," as a glance at the list of the names would have satisfied him that the whole strength of the concert hall orchestra was present along with other amateurs from the neighbouring towns, numbering together not less than fifty performers, while the chorus mustered an equal number. Mr. William Barlow, a reputed organist of this place, ably fulfilled his duties at the organ, and evidenced how much can be done by a judicious use of this instrument in the orchestra. In summing up, we may honestly declare *Emmanuel* to be a worthy and a highly meritorious work, and if the author does not reap his reward while earnestly going up the steps of fame, we are firmly convinced posterity will not refuse to assign him a position in the honored pedestal to which his merits so justly entitle him. As another step in the right direction, we are glad to hear it is in contemplation to bring out Horsley's *David* at the annual choral concert at the gentlemen's concerts here. All success to the scheme.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—The performances of the twin-wonders, the little Bateman Children, will be brought to a termination this week. We earnestly impressed upon those who had not seen them, not to throw away the last opportunity of doing so, and hope they have followed our solicitation; if not, it is very unlikely they will ever witness such another sight as these incomparable infantine representations. It is at their present ages only that the "children" can really be entitled "Phenomenons." Every month and day must subtract from their extreme youth, and by consequence take from their extreme attractions; until at last, and that in no far time, they must cease to be called "juvenile wonders" altogether, and yield up their greatness with their baby names.

For two years more, we learn, Mr. Bateman will continue the performances of "the children," and then withdraw them from the stage entirely. In no place where they have exhibited have the Bateman children received a more cordial welcome, more unbounded praise, or loftier patronage than in London. In fact they may be reckoned among the most attractive and most novel "lions" of the season of the Great Exhibition. Their performances, at first listened to with incredulity, accepted merely as exemplifications of rigid teaching, and criticised with condescension, soon, by repeated seeing and hearing, awakened the spectators to a true sense of their merits, and were set down, not as parroted and time-and-labour-enforced exertions of the mind, but direct instincts and emanations of genius, which no adult intelligence could transmit from one to another, and which to childhood, devoid of inspiration, must have proved a sealed volume, a fountain in the rock not to be reached but with years. The "children" are about to leave London after conquering the hearts of all who have seen them. We wish them well wherever they go, and sincerely hope they will return to their native land in the far West as rich in dollars as they are rich in talent—and if they do, and carry home the money in specie, silver and gold, the captain of the vessel, be it steamer, bark, brig, or schooner, may dispense with ballast for the voyage.

Pretty Kate and tiny Nell!

Here we bid you both "farewell!"

What your fate—where'er you go—

May you naught save pleasures know!

Adieu! by all loved and caress'd,

Ye infant wonders of the West!

Take our wishes kindest, best,

And long within our mem'ry rest!

Before closing this notice of their last performances we wish to lay before our readers a spirited and enthusiastic article which appeared in the *Britannia* of last month. With the opinions of the writer respecting the performances of "the children" in Shakespere we cannot concur; with every thing else, however, we fully agree, and think there is not the slightest exaggeration in the eulogies bestowed. The *Britannia*, we believe was the first to discover the real talents of the Bateman children, as it was the first to declare without stint or reservation its candid opinion. And thus the writer wrote:—

"We attended the St. James's Theatre on Thursday evening to witness the performance of the two Batemans in *Macbeth*. We have no hesitation in characterising this exhibition as something very remarkable. It is very easy to cram one's self up with the common-places of æsthetical exaggeration, and talk of the degradation of filtering the mighty mind of Shakespere through infantine intellect, &c. We could spin out such phrases by the hour; and if we applied them to the Bateman performances, we might convey to the apprehension of our readers a distinct lie. We do not for one instant assert that the Batemans realize to themselves the conception of the parts allotted to them in the degree in which these conceptions were present to Shakespere's mind. But we should like to ask who does? If the answer is, the grown-up actors do, we beg to know where these actors are? We know nothing of them; never did know anything of them; never, we confidently believe, shall know anything of them. There never was a more egregious fallacy imposed upon the reading public than one which has the authority of some very great names to back it; to wit, that Shakespere's plays being written simply with a view to stage representation, can only produce their true effect upon us when presented

on the stage. If, amongst our readers, there are any of those happy mortals who have never bowed the knee to the Baal of criticism—never set up in their heart of hearts some pet infallible dictum, by which all art is to be measured—we here make them a present of one maxim, which, at least, is to all intents and purposes, thoroughly true. This theory of stage representation being the test of any dramatist in the world but a *melodramatist* is an utter lie, and a delusion. No man, of any decent imagination at all, ever saw a play of Shakespeare's acted so well as he has acted it to himself while reading it. In a theatre, you have to fight against a thousand and one opposing influences that persist in thrusting themselves between you and the wonderful whole which is present to your mind as the result of the reading of Shakespeare. The most perfect of actors always falls physically below your idea: his face, his form, his voice, his gesture, have all a coarseness which the picture in your mind was free from, and the full intellectuality is still greater. And if this is true of the chief actors, what shall we say of their assistants—the *canaille*? If one add to this the materializing of all that is imaginative, by the interposition of clumsy machinery and bad painting, and the best machinery and the best painting, are only approximations towards the truth of the imagination, the utter transparency of the fallacy alluded to will be made manifest enough. Now, *apropos* of this digression, comes the case of the Batemans. Their *Macbeth* is no more the *Macbeth* of the imagination than that of others, whom we will not mention; but this we must say, their *Macbeth*, as a stage *Macbeth*, would not be very easily matched, and with still more difficulty surpassed. Their knowledge of the stage traditions is wonderful; their accurate delivery of the text unimpeachable. The strain on the voice which is requisite in the case of children so young, is no greater than that which we have listened to from grown-up tragedians, who have "torn passion to tatters" with less excuse than the children Bateman. The plain, unadorned statement of the matter is this:—the Batemans are in possession of the stage traditions of the characters they represent, in a greater perfection than the majority of their grown-up rivals; and they make use of these with a grace and intelligence, the charm of which is immediately augmented by the consideration of their extreme youth. Any qualification which we attach to the praise of these young actors as tragedians must be abated when they are spoken of as comedians. It is impossible to speak too highly of the perfection of quiet humour exhibited by Kate Bateman, in the character of *Henrietta de Vigny*, and her sister merits scarcely less praise. Anything so full of geniality, so overflowing with good spirits, it has seldom been our lot to witness. We can heartily recommend the performance to all lovers of the stage."

**HAYMARKET.**—This theatre closed last Saturday, after a season of great prosperity. At the conclusion of the first piece, the *Sonnambula*, Mr. Webster made his appearance, and as soon as the hearty applause with which he was greeted had subsided, delivered the following valedictory address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The closing of the Great Exhibition has brought our little exhibition to a happy issue. There the display of the industry of all nations achieved a success as triumphant as beyond all calculation—here we have attempted to pourtray the characteristics of all time which your approval has stamped with sterling artistic value. Of the great luminary we have been one of the distant satellites, benefitting by its light and warmth, and I can assure you both myself and others of my calling would gladly be again within its attractive circle for many a similar period. As lesser things often owe their value to the greater, our statistics show that upwards of 160,000 persons have paid to see

the higher classes of dramatic amusements within this building since the opening in May of the justly-named world's wonder. Therefore I and all connected with me, are bound to earnestly exclaim, to the honoured Prince who conceived the magnificent project, to her gracious Majesty who encouraged it, and to the smaller geniuses who carried it out, be all honour and glory. No terms of thanks, ladies and gentlemen, can embody the deep sense of gratitude I feel for your patronage at all times, and this season especially; and be assured it will be my honest pride and unfeigned pleasure by still upholding the drama, and encouraging the living dramatists, to deserve a continuance of your support.

"Until the 3rd of November next, when the necessary repairs will have been completed, for which alone we close, I most respectfully, ladies and gentlemen, bid you farewell, and wish you all health and happiness."

Although Saturday was nominally the last night of the company's performance, however, the theatre was open on Monday for Mr. F. Webster's benefit, while Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were announced, after the fashion of the "large house over the way," as "extra nights." Both the benefit and the extra nights attracted large audiences.

**OLYMPIC.**—It appears that once upon a time, as the story-books say, there was an old law in France, by which if it could be proved by two witnesses that a gentleman had had three private interviews, of a quarter of an hour each, with a lady, then that the lady could, if so disposed, compel the gentleman to marry her. This fact has furnished the author of *Caught in his own Trap*, an original comedieta produced here last Monday, with matter for a highly agreeable little piece. *Francois* (Mr. Kinloch) is in love with *Agatha* (Miss Ellen Turner), but *Francois'* uncle, *Monsieur Vraimont* (Mr. Farren) is strongly opposed to the match, and as he is possessed of a handsome fortune and *Francois* of nothing at all, his opposition is a matter of considerable importance. To help the lovers out of their dilemma, *Madame Vonderbushell* (Mrs. Alfred Phillips) volunteers to induce *Monsieur Vraimont* to marry himself, as he has previously promised *Francois* twenty thousand francs if ever he committed so foolish an action. In order to carry out her plan, *Madame Vonderbushell*, under pretence of consulting *Monsieur Vraimont*, obtains of him the three interviews required by the law to constitute him her victim, and when he is rejoicing at the idea of having "done" some one else, he finds that his cunning, like the Boomerang of the natives of Australia, has recoiled upon himself—that he is the victim—in a word that he is *Caught in his own Trap*.

Such is a brief outline of the elegantly written little production, which is distinguished by the wit and humour of its dialogue, and the masterly manner in which the principal characters, *M. Vraimont*, *Madame Vonderbushell* and a servant named *Jonas* (Mr. W. Shalders) are sketched in. Mr. Farren's impersonation of *Monsieur Vraimont*, the cunning, oily, calculating lawyer, was most true to nature, and full of those artistic touches which Mr. Farren knows so well how to bring in with such telling effect, and which is more towards conveying an idea of the character represented, than pages of the most elaborate writing. Trifling as is, comparatively speaking, the rôle of *Monsieur Vraimont*, it may take its place with justice among that of Mr. Farren's most finished efforts. Even the "make up," the sombre, professional suit of black, the spare, white hair, thinned by years of thoughtful chicanery, and the peering, and mild, yet treacherously cat-like expression of the face—told the audience what sort of a man it was who stood before them, even before the actor had uttered one word, and proved that Mr. Farren possesses as forcibly as ever that remarkable faculty of embodying an author's ideas, and clothing them in



flesh and blood, a faculty for which he was always so celebrated, and which has raised him beyond the possibility of dispute, to the very highest rank in his branch of the profession. The other characters were also, without exception, exceedingly well played, especially that of *Jonas*, by Mr. Shalders. This gentleman possesses much more than average powers—he is endowed with a very considerable degree of quiet, quaint humour; and if he sometimes disappoints his admirers—and he has many—it is by wishing to do too much. As the prying, gormandising *Jonas*, half knave half fool, he fairly convulsed the audience with laughter, and contributed greatly to the success of the piece, which passed the ordeal of public criticism—as it now passes our own—in the most triumphant manner.

After the comedietta on the same night, 'was produced also for the first time, "a grand piece of prodigality on the part of the management," as it is entitled in the bills, called *Azael, or the Prodigal in London*, being a parody on the spectacle of the same name brought out at Drury Lane by Mr. Anderson. The original story is pretty closely adhered to, the fun being obtained by changing Memphis to London, the "Temple of Isis" to the "Temple of Ices," and making *Azael* (Mr. Compton) go the round of London dissipation, until he at last subsides into the very uncomfortable position of assistant to a donkey-driver on Hampstead Heath. Mr. Compton as *Azael*—in which, by the way, he bore a most striking likeness to Mr. D'Israeli—provoked the risible faculties of the audience in a manner that was surprising, even for him, and was well supported by every one else engaged in the piece. The dialogue is good, the allusions excellent, and the scenery deserving of great praise. Altogether, we are of opinion that it is the best thing of its kind that has been produced for some time, and will continue to attract large audiences for a very long period. The theatre has been literally crammed every night since its production. It is from the pen of H. Rodwell, Esq.

### Foreign.

**NEW YORK.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF CATHERINE HAYES.**—(From *Saroni's Musical Times*.)—On Tuesday evening last Catherine Hayes made her first curtsey to the American public. Tripler Hall was crammed and jammed to repletion, and hundreds upon hundreds offered their money at the doors, but were refused admission, simply because there was not room actually for another person to get in and see. Neither at Jenny Lind's concerts, nor at Parodi's concerts, were there as many persons, by several hundreds, present. In short it was the greatest crowd we ever saw inside Tripler Hall, and a thousand times more enthusiastic than all the other audiences put together. There was as much excitement outside as inside; the line of carriages extended a block or two on either side of the Hall; hundreds of people thronged Mercer-street, hoping at least to catch a portion of the warblings of the Irish Nightingale, while the passage way to the very door was so crowded, as to render it a difficult task, even by hard pushing, for ladies to reach it.

Several papers stated in the early part of the week, that there was no excitement in the public mind respecting Catherine Hayes; that the excitement was only upon paper, and written by interested persons. Two morning papers were savagely virtuous; they had, to be sure, toadied Jenny Lind,

under Barnum's influence, but they could not consent to commit themselves, even to the extent of an extract, to benefit the stranger lady. Even now that she has come and has gained the most triumphant success, they strive to damn her with faint praise, and idle comparisons with their Swedish idol. This cant about the divine Jenny has become perfectly sickening; no one else can sing, nor be virtuous, nor charitable. Every one else must be sacrificed to a slavish adulation of a talent which the writers never understood. They have translated a mortal artiste into a myth, and no one must come within a hundred miles of its sacred shine. In such a course there is neither justice nor common honesty; it is a mere partizanship, from which the cause of art can reap no benefit, and the individual no honour. The best reply to their assertion that there was no excitement in the public mind, was the overflowing house on Tuesday evening; and as testimony to her superlative skill we appeal to the triumph of that evening.

There was some delay in commencing caused by the unaccountable absence of Mr. Loder. Mr. Lavenu, however, very kindly assumed Mr. Loder's portion of the programme, and we afterwards learnt that Mr. Loder was seized with a sudden sickness which prevented the possibility of his attendance.

The concert commenced with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. This beautiful but much hackneyed overture was well played, but we confess that we paid but little attention to it, for we had heard it so frequently at every concert for the past ten years, that we look upon it as an incubus to every concert bill. Is the repertoire of overtures entirely exhausted? Is there nothing new under the sun? or is there nothing old, less hackneyed, and equal in merit to this stop-gap for every want? We trust that our conductors will summon up sufficient courage and independence to leave this inevitable overture out of the programme sometimes.

The popular duet from *Belisario*, "Quando di sangue tinto," was then sung by Mr. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis. These gentlemen were well received by the public, who encouraged them by a welcome always awarded by an American audience to strangers. Mr. Braham has a fine tenor voice, sweet in quality, extensive in compass, and of good power. His style is eminently, unmistakably English; wanting in fire and effect of the Italian manner, but pleasing from its quiet, unpretending method. It is however better suited to the ballad than to the operatic style. However, we shall not speak definitely of Mr. Braham until we have heard him again. Herr Mengis has all the qualities of voice and manner to make him popular. His voice is a rich, mellow, and powerful baritone, which he uses with much skill; his intonation is excellent, his style bold and free, and possesses both passion and expression. The duet by these gentlemen was well sung, and was loudly applauded.

Madame Bertucca Maretzek appeared next, and essayed a solo upon the harp, but the envious strings broke and marred her best efforts. It would be unfair under the circumstances to judge either of the playing or the piece.

Then came the low murmured whisper of expectation which burst into a thunder of shouting and applause, the moment Catherine Hayes showed herself upon the orchestra. The applause lasted so long that we began to fear that, exhausted by her emotion, the fair artiste would be unable to sing at all. She at length essayed to sing, and at the first tones of her voice, the boisterous demonstration ceased, and every ear attentively listened, drinking in the exquisite sounds, as the mariners of old the songs of the Syren. Her first selection was not at all calculated to please the popular taste; "Ah! mon fils," from the *Prophete*, is the very embodiment of mourning and

broken-heartedness. Sorrow and anguish are in every phrase, and it only rises from abject wretchedness, when it appeals to the throne of grace for mercy on her son. Then the strain rises to a grandeur, almost sublime in its character and movement. The few first sustained notes which Catherine Hayes uttered gave promise of an exquisite voice, but as the song progressed, its full and extraordinary beauties were displayed. Its compass is remarkable, and it has no weak points—it is beautiful throughout. The lower and middle tones are full, rich, and thrilling heart-tones as it were, they seem so full of sympathy—while the higher notes are pure, sweet, and mellifluous as the tones of the truest flute. It is always perfectly in tune, and she controls it without any effort. It is flexible for any purpose that the most brilliant vocalism can demand. Her power of *sostenuto* is great; her gradation of light and shade, from *piano* to *forte*, admirable, and her shake as brilliant, true, and rapid as we ever listened to.

Her singing of "Ah! mon fils" was deeply affecting, so perfectly did she embody the ideas of the poet and musician. Grief spoke out in every tone, the voice trembled as with the beating of the heart, and the whole picture of the heart-broken mother was as apparent to the imagination as though it were aided by all means within the reach of the Opera. It is this surpassing talent which enables Catherine Hayes to embody the character of these operatic *scenas*, without acting, that renders her singing in a concert room so effective and full of reality. The truly exquisite manner in which this piece was sung, insured it a rapturous encore, and a shower of bouquets such as we rarely see. She sang it better the second time than the first, and gained even heartier applause at its second close, and retired with the pleasing assurance, that she had won a great victory and had established herself in the favour of the people.

Catherine Hayes was dressed in exquisite taste—modestly, elegantly, gracefully, and looked truly beautiful, as her spirit warmed with excitement and desire to excel. Her whole form seemed spiritualized, and fire of genius sparkled in her eyes, and diffused a radiance over every feature. Every one seemed doubly charmed—fascinated with the woman—enchanted by the singer. And thus Catherine Hayes won all hearts.

Herr Mengis sung a roystering soldier's song composed by one Battista. It is a very good composition in its way, and Herr Mengis sung it with much effect. Its range is just within the best portion of his voice, and he gave it out with a power that re-echoed through the Hall. He was vociferously applauded.

Catherine Hayes then came forward amidst reiterated plaudits, and sang a very charming ballad by W. V. Wallace, "Why do I weep for thee?" She sang it delightfully. She used no ornaments, not even the shake, but gave it in all its simplicity, trusting to passion and expression alone to produce the desired effect. It is hardly necessary to say that the effect was produced, and that the ballad was encored, but the lady acknowledged the compliment, gathering up as many of the bouquets as possible, and retired.

The overture, *Les Diamans de la Couronne* commenced the second part, and was led by Mr. Lavenue. It was ably directed and well performed.

Herr Mengis' pretty song, "The Happy Switzer," tickled the public ear to a marvel and was rapturously encored. It was not a song, perhaps, suited to concerts of a high character, the *jodelen* which terminates each verse being to a certain extent decidedly vulgar; but the public relished it, and that is law both within and without the concert room.

Catherine Hayes then sang the exquisite Irish ballad, "The

Harp that once through Tara's Halls." What was mere beautiful singing in the English ballad, became perfect inspiration, as she poured forth this old and well remembered strain. It is impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which she sang this ballad; we can only say that it was characteristic, and breathed the very soul of the mournful yet passionate words and music. During this song there was a deathlike stillness throughout the vast assemblage, broken now and then by an audible sob, for there were many weeping; the people hung upon the notes with breathless eagerness, and as the last tone died away, there arose a shout of applause such as was rarely if ever heard within the walls of a concert-room. Rounds of applause succeeded each other in rapid succession, and after the repetition of the song, the same tumultuous enthusiasm was displayed. Catherine Hayes had touched the hearts of every one, and the willing hands responded to the feeling of exquisite delight.

The same magical effect was produced by her singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Every note was sung as written, no embellishments were added to deceive the ear, and cheat the hearer into forgetfulness of nature, by admirable displays of art. Simple, natural expression, and earnest truthfulness, with the strong impulses of an ardent soul, were the charms that wrung from the hearts and hands of her auditors the noblest testimony that was ever offered to the powers of an artiste.

Madame Bertucca Maretzek played with most admirable skill, and fine taste and expression, Labarre's very charming *Rondo Espagnole*. Her efforts were well appreciated by the public, and she met with the most cordial applause. As a harpist she is deservedly a popular favourite.

Balfe's very pretty ballad, "In this Old Chair," was sung most sweetly by Mr. Braham, and called forth a most hearty encore.

Catherine Hayes' last vocal triumph, was the finale to *Sonambula*, "Ah! non giunge." Every one attempts this brilliant aria, meeting with more or less success. Jenny Lind sang it gloriously. She loaded it with brilliant *fioriture*, which she executed with unsurpassed excellence, and the effect was electric. Catherine Hayes' version of this aria is in every way as great, but her conception is entirely dissimilar; it is more passionate and energetic, and her ornaments are bolder and more broad in their design. It was in all respects as brilliant a specimen of vocalization as we ever listened to. At every pause she was greeted by a perfect roar of applause which was continued at the close until she came forward and repeated it, and the cheering was more loud and hearty, when she left the orchestra for the last time, than when she first appeared. So great a triumph was never achieved in this city. We cannot conceal from ourselves that there was a vast amount of incredulity as to the positive greatness of Catherine Hayes; such a vast amount of "blowing" had been expended in the case of the great concert giver, such vast resources of humbug had been brought to bear, that the public began to believe that truth and concert-giving could never be connected. Besides, Catherine Hayes was neither Italian, French, Swede, nor German, and consequently could not be much. These prejudices, together with the partizanship before alluded to, Catherine Hayes had to fight against, and gloriously, most gloriously, has she triumphed over them all. She has in one night by the mere force of her splendid genius raised for herself a million of friends throughout this vast country, who will throng around and welcome her wherever she goes. The road is clear and open to her now; partizans may cavil and grumble, and whine out that "she is not and never can be Jenny Lind," which owl-like



fact all but transmigrationists will readily acknowledge, but despite all opposition, walking straightforward in the full tide of public favour, Catherine Hayes will triumph over all.

The second concert of Catherine Hayes took place on Thursday evening. There was a great house, not quite as numerous as at her first, but more fashionable and critical. The judgment of the first night was confirmed, and her success was certainly more triumphant, because there was less national feeling displayed, and more critical judgment. Her "Casta Diva" was a wonderful vocal effort, and was unanimously encored, as was every piece she sang. The excitement to hear her will increase daily, for there is no advertisement so effective, as the home circle praise of those who have heard her with delight.

Catherine Hayes will sing in the *Messiah*, next Wednesday. The choral department will be performed by the Harmonic Society. George Loder, leader.

MADAME ANNA THILLON has proved that an artist can be successful in this country without having recourse to the humbug of the day. We just heard of her coming and she was here, performing at Niblo's. But we say, that only an *artiste* can be successful, and that she is in the true sense of the word. Her singing, her acting, her features, her motions, all combine to make her an excellent artist. Badly supported as she is in the *Crown Diamonds*, she succeeds in drawing thousands of admiring listeners around her. And it is well worth while to go to Niblo's, to see her, young and beautiful, first as *la Catarina* of the bandits, and then as Queen of Portugal, to hear her sing with that perfection of method, that simplicity of style, that mellow quality of voice which speaks at once to the hearts of the audience. Then again that artlessness of manner, that vivacity and animation of her features! Truly she is one of the most captivating artists we have ever heard or seen.

We have not room to say much of the *Crown Diamonds* or its performance. Mr. Hudson acquits himself most ably, Ferdinand Meyer most stiffly. The chorus is good, the orchestra is bad, though not quite as much so, as at the time when Signor La Manna led the music of *La Giselle*.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has returned to the city, and is to be serenaded by the members of her orchestra this evening at her residence, West Twenty-second street; and Mademoiselle C. Parodi is yet in Boston concertizing.

## HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "La France Musicale," by W. Grilliers.)

I wish it were possible for me to forget the motives which induced me to undertake the long and perilous travels I am about to recount. I had been drawn by an irresistible fatality into circumstances which I should for ever have grieved at if they had not resulted in determining me to accomplish a project which had been the dream of my youth and the constant aim of my thoughts amid my numerous professional occupations. To see the New World—to carry to it the fruit of my long labour, to spread to the utmost of my means a taste for the art to which I had devoted my life, has been my incessant idea for more than twenty years. To-day I thank Providence for having made a necessity of what was but the ardent desire and an aspiration of all my life. I must confess that what made me view America through a brilliant prism and almost as a country of predestination, was the numerous propositions—accompanied by the most irresistible offers—made to me by its speculators. During the long years of my teaching I had formed American pupils who had, some as artists, some as amateurs, spread

my name and works in all America; so I was certain of meeting with many useful acquaintances and friends. I decided to start in the month of October, 1846, and the 22nd of November following I embarked at Liverpool on board the English steamer "Caledonia," and 18 days afterwards I landed at Boston.

### MY PASSAGE AND ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

During the first few days of passage I was, from sea sickness, completely powerless. I was compelled to remain in my cabin; and an increase of misfortune was my having for companion a gentleman who was as well as well could be, and who, to divert me, would read me letters, 42 pages long, from a young and beautiful creole of New Orleans, to whom he said he was going to be married. These sentimental epistles were, doubtless, very interesting to the party to whom they were addressed, but I must confess that their uninterrupted reading was far from helping me to forget my terrible sufferings. The only way for me to avoid them was to leave my bed and escape on deck. This violent remedy succeeded miraculously; I at once got rid of my sea sickness and my amorous and indefatigable reader.

The English newspapers had made great talk of my intended voyage, and the American press repeated all that had been said, so that on my reaching Boston I found a great number of artists awaiting my arrival. I never shall forget the reception I met with; it was who would invite me first, and who would obtain from me a promise to remain. Not willing to accept any private invitation, I went to an hotel and thither was I followed by those who had awaited my arrival. There they would not quit me till I had promised to give one concert. But I had resolutely promised to make my debut in the "Empire City," and so peremptorily refused to play in Boston. Such pressing demands were addressed to me from different societies that I found it impossible to get away till I had faithfully promised to return immediately after my appearance at New York.

### MY ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.

I had hardly arrived at that large town before I received the visits of the most distinguished professionals; all kinds of engagements were offered to me by the managers of theatres, but I always have had a certain reluctance at associations with managers, and therefore wished from the commencement to run all the risk of the enterprise. I chose in preference the "Tabernacle," to give my first concert in. This building can easily contain 3000 people, and though not constructed by the rules of acoustic or with irreproachable harmony of proportion, music is heard to a tolerable advantage, and the public is very well satisfied with it.

The day before the first concert a very unfortunate accident, which might have had disastrous consequences, happened to me. I was not aware of the singular manner in which they light the fires; wishing to remove an iron plate placed before the hearth of the chimney in my room, and not knowing that a fire in the inside had heated it, I burnt my right hand so severely, I thought I should be compelled to retard my first concert. My accident in a short time got bruited about the town, and I had hardly had time to place a slight dressing upon the part most injured, when a man, of whose name I was perfectly ignorant, presented himself and offered me a certain and rapid cure. He was the inventor of a compound "to cure all pains," or, as he named it, "pain extractor," he assured me that if I would use it, all pain would vanish in less than six hours. He required that, in case of success, I should recognize publicly the efficacy of his plaster. One can easily imagine with what pleasure I accepted his offer, but what will not be so easily believed is, that my cure was so prompt and perfect that I was able to give my concert on the day announced. The proprietor of this marvellous paste had monster placards, whereon was announced that owing to his specific the concert of Mr. Henri Herz would take place. His balm had prodigious success, and I have since heard he has realized a fortune of several thousands of Piastres.

### FIRST CONCERT IN NEW YORK.

I cannot but see the difficulties I shall meet with at each step in relating my travels through regions the most diversified, and

often the least known by the world. In speaking of myself, I shall not be able to escape of a necessity relating the successes I have obtained, and I expose myself to a danger I have always wished to avoid—viz., that of occupying the public about me. For those that know me I have not to guard against this reproach; they are aware that I am as capable of illusion as I am of stating or advancing facts which might in the slightest manner be contested. To those that know me not, I have only one way of carrying conviction to their mind; to give irrefutable proofs in support of my assertions, and I have my hands full of them.

I will, then, venture to say that my first concert in New York bore all the appearances of an unusual circumstance. It had hardly been announced, before crowds hastened to the box-office, and every seat was taken in a few moments. More than 500 people were refused admittance, and the tickets were sold by auction at most exorbitant prices. I was obliged to remain away from my hotel for two days, to avoid the solicitations and requests of which I was the object. I had taken care to place at the head of the programme an overture, to prepare the public in a manner, and to save myself the emotions I feared I should feel from a public quite new to me. But this precaution did not obtain the result I anticipated. The overture was played in the midst of general inattention. No one listened, and I am not certain it was played to the end. At last I was obliged to appear, and what then passed I cannot well say. I was completely stunned by the thunders of applause from every part of the building. The more my embarrassment became visible, the more these demonstrations of sympathy increased, and they continued so long that I completely lost my self-possession. The orchestra, however, came to my help, in commencing, without waiting for my orders, the first *tutti* of my grand concerto in C minor; and as the moment for my first solo approached, an expective silence almost imperceptibly gave way to the astounding noise my appearance had raised. I had hardly drawn a few sounds from the instrument, before I was again interrupted by new manifestations; and at the end of the first solo the encores resounded with so much persistence, that I was compelled to begin the piece over again. If I relate this fact, so flattering to my self-love as an artist, it is that it appeared remarkable, on account of the severity of style which reigns in my concerto, and also on account of the minor key which in general is not privileged to please the Americans.

The first concert only gave more zest to the *dilettanti* of New York. Those who had heard me once, wished to hear me again, and those who could not obtain tickets for this concert, had some for the second; and I was obliged, to satisfy every one, to give more than twenty concerts in the space of three months.

#### THE SPEAKER.

At the third concert, a circumstance occurred which I think is of rare occurrence in Europe, and I can assure you was most unexpected by me. After my playing a piece which had produced more effect than the others, the public did me the honour to recall me. On my appearing, I heard the voice of a Stentor in the middle of the room articulating words of which I could not seize the meaning. It was a Frenchman, who, perched on a seat, was delivering a speech in my honour; but emotion, or some other reason, I cannot tell what, all at once cut short his speech, and he suddenly sat down, to the great surprise of the auditory. A lady who was sitting close to him compelled him to rise again, and the docile speaker, obeying the inspirations of his gentle neighbour transformed into a prompter, re-began his speech, which lasted for at least ten minutes. As he expressed himself in the French language, he was not understood by the greater number of the American public, and they demanded vociferously the explanation of his harangue, and to me they addressed themselves. One can easily conceive my embarrassment at such a circumstance; I could not possibly re-echo the praises of myself which the speaker had profusely loaded me with; I bowed, and bowed, but it was of no use, curiosity only seemed to increase, and the public to become more and more exacting. Fortunately, the French Consul was present, and obligingly came to my aid. He rose in his turn; and, amid the most profound silence, said that the speech of which

they demanded the translation was only an eulogy in my favour, and a testimony of welcome from the French part of the population of New York to one of their countrymen.

(To be continued.)

### Original Correspondence.

NO DOUBTS ABOUT CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been very much surprised at the article by "Pyrrhus," on the compositions of the late Cherubini, which appeared in your excellent journal of last week.

I cannot for a moment believe, that there exists a musician in England, (in Europe I ought to say,) who holds such sceptical opinions on the works of one of the finest contrapuntists that ever existed, as are enunciated by your correspondent.

Again, I ask myself is he in earnest, or is he provoking enquiry? As to comparison, Cherubini cannot (in my opinion) be compared with any author, dead or living. *Pyrrhus* acknowledges that the "*Les Deux Journées*" has some merit; and adds that the overture to *Anacreon* is a brilliant but an overrated work. This is too bad, and here Mr. Editor I must say a few words. The overture to *Anacreon* (in my opinion,) is a gem so full of contrast, beauty, and exquisite contrapuntal skill, that its loss, as a lesson to the young tyros in counterpoint, would be irreparable. It also contains one of the finest instrumental crescendos that ever flowed from the pen of a musical author. I would refer *Pyrrhus* to its commencement, about fifteen bars before the sequence of shakes, the choice of which for the various instruments displays the great knowledge of the composer; and this crescendo rises to a climax most sublimely grand, and is one which has never been surpassed,—so much for this overrated overture.

I lament that the fine compositions of Cherubini have been partially laid aside, but this is not a just criterion, for other great authors works have suffered an unjustly similar fate, and *Pyrrhus* may remember that it is only a few years ago, that Beethoven's works, except some of his symphonies, were scarcely known, and indeed, had it not been for a few spirited musicians and teachers of his pianoforte works, they might have been shelved also, but now, there is scarcely a publisher of any note who is not bringing out a new edition of his works.

To deal forth eulogy or censure on authors' works or public performances, requires knowledge of the art, liberality, and impartiality; but alas! it too frequently happens, that a very little real knowledge, and much partiality and prejudice is mixed up with musical criticism; the consequence is, that the young student is misled by assuming an unfair elevation to one author's works, and condemning the sterling good of another.

It is hard that men like Cherubini, who have spent their whole lives in the science, and from whose instructions a whole host of musicians have arisen, and some of them to great eminence, should have his well earned fame tarnished so undeservedly.

I hope the inimitable Costa, or the energetic Jullien, will on some occasion conduct this and his other overtures, and allow our friend "*Pyrrhus*" to hear the overrated music of Cherubini.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

York, October 13, 1851.

#### ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—If I recollect rightly, in your number dated April 12th, you partly promised an article on the terms "*Andante* and *Andantino*." I feel reluctant to trespass upon your time and space, but I also feel extremely anxious to see something definite on the subject to which I have directed your attention, therefore trust

you will excuse the liberty thus taken to remind you of your promise. It has occurred to me that probably Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who is evidently a most profound musician, and to whom we are all so much indebted for his able, interesting, and most valuable critiques, would kindly favour us with his opinion on the subject, which, by the by, would decide the thing at once.

I think it important that the point should be cleared up if possible, as I am convinced we, most of us, have but a confused idea as to the precise difference between the terms, which often give rise to unpleasant quibbling amongst amateurs and even professors.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD THURNAM.

Reigate, Oct. 10th, 1851.

PYRRHUS v. CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—In perusing an article about Cherubini in the last number of the *Musical World*, I was very much struck with the insertion of an article in a public journal, which shows how it is possible to write such a profound deal of ignorance on the matter, and is, besides, from beginning to end, full of contradictions.

Mr. Pyrrhus begins by saying he knows hardly enough (and that's clear) of Cherubini—Why, then, venture an opinion about him?—all that he has ever heard of him are some overtures; but as Cherubini has written more than a dozen operas, sinfonies, requiems, quartetts, and his *chef d'œuvre*, the grand Mass in D minor (of which Mr. Pyrrhus does not speak at all), he really would have done better to begin with the end of his article that's to say—"first to endeavour to get a peep (!) at some of his compositions, and then judge;" but as matters now stand, I am sure your subscribers are not at all anxious to hear any more of Mr. Pyrrhus and his spirited doubts about Cherubini.

What are your German and French readers to say, if they are told by Mr. Pyrrhus that Cherubini is not merely unappreciated, but *unknown* in their country; what the Italians, when they hear that Mr. Pyrrhus does not care at all for their opinion? Perhaps Mr. P. is not aware that Cherubini himself was Italian, and that a country which has produced men like Palestrina, Marcello, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Guglielmi, Lulli, Caldara, Scarlatti, Paesello, Cimarosa, Rossini, &c., stands in no need of advocacy from an Englishman! If Mr. Pyrrhus writes as an amateur, we advise him to be more careful in future about matters of this kind; but if he be a musician, we hardly can explain such an anomaly. Of the many contradictions in Mr. Pyrrhus's article, I give only one;—"He joins others in acknowledging that Cherubini is one of the great masters of the art." Two lines farther, he writes: "The divine fire of the overtures to *Faniska* and *Les deux Journées* is hardly sufficient to entitle him to the high position he maintains."

I could say a great deal more about Cherubini, Mr. Pyrrhus, and his doubts; but I am afraid to intrude upon the patience of your readers, and will finally only allude to the relation between Cherubini, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. That the latter should never have spoken of Cherubini is hard to be believed, as he was a pupil of his, and we know too well the veneration he had, like all the pupils of Cherubini, for his master; and that a man standing so high in the art as Cherubini should not have answered a letter, or never given utterance to one syllable of eulogy in favour of Beethoven, after having styled him "the most gifted living composer," seems literally impossible, it being known that Cherubini's modesty was so remarkable, that when he was induced to dedicate his best opera, *Les deux Journées*, to Haydn, he said, "No; I have not yet written anything worthy of this great genius!"

I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

October 15th, 1851.

#### BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Will you please inform me where can Dr. Burney's History of Music be purchased? Is it not worthy of re-publication, if some spirited publisher would take it in hand? Perhaps it might be done by subscription or in monthly parts. Will you give it a thought, and oblige an old subscriber, H. J. T.

Bayswater, September 15th, 1851.]

[Will some of our readers favour our correspondent with an answer?—Ed. M. W.]

#### Provincial.

BRISTOL.—THE DISTIN CONCERT.—So high is the reputation the Messrs. Distin have obtained that praise bestowed upon them is liable to be classed in the category of superfluities. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing an opinion that in the concert which these gentlemen gave at our theatre on Monday night, their previous performances were surpassed rather than merely equalled. The programme was an excellent one, commencing with a selection from *Der Freischutz*, and including the celebrated trumpet solo, "The soldier tired," which was performed by Mr. Distin with all his accustomed vigour and expression, and was enthusiastically encored; a quartette, from the opera of *Belisario*, on the newly-invented patent "Euphonic" horns—names which the instruments well deserve, for anything more euphonic than the sounds elicited from them we never heard; a terzetto, by the brothers Distin, "Fin dell'été," from *Anna Bolena*, was encored, as was also "The Cuckoo Galop," a new composition, of some merit. Besides the instrumental performances, Mrs. T. Distin sang several solos very pleasingly, and obtained encores; a four part song, entitled "The Miller's Daughter," by Hartel, sung by Mrs. T. Distin and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, was received with great applause, and repeated by, we are sure, the unanimous desire of the audience. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.—*Bristol Times*.

LINCOLN.—(From a Correspondent.)—"A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert"—as styled in the bills—was given in this place on Thursday (9th inst.), at the County Assembly Rooms, and attracted a full and somewhat fashionable audience. If not "grand," the concert was undoubtedly good, the programme being far above the average of excellence. It included, in the first part, selections from Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Elijah*; and in the second part a miscellany of the popular kind, so that variety was not wanting and all sects and parties might be satisfied. For instance, the churchman and lover of Mendelssohn (the terms, however, are not synonymous), might attend the first part, and decamp at the end, leaving Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Sir Henry Bishop to the patronizers of vocal music; while the followers of the latter, who, if that were possible, eschewed sacred music and Mendelssohn, might bide till the second part commenced, and turn to the strains of their affections. The first part, I said, was devoted to the *Elijah*—or selections therefrom. There was an exception. A pianoforte solo—*andante* and *capriccio*, themes from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—was interpolated by Mr. William Wilkinson, Professor of the Royal Academy. The interpolation might obtain extenuation in a selection like the one in the programme, as the subjects of the piece were taken from the same composer to whom the first part was devoted; but the fact of having taken themes from a sacred work to *dove-tail* them and *bash* them into a fantasia, or something of the kind, appears to me extremely irreverent, and worthy of stringent reprehension. Mr. William Wilkinson, who is a native of Lincoln, may have conceived that anything would be well received at his hands, and doubtless may have thought he was conferring no small honour on Mendelssohn, by making his glorious airs the groundwork of a capriccio. In the latter Mr. Wilkinson was woefully mistaken. I heard several express their surprise that an acknowledged artist and a professor to boot, should have so far forgot himself. I must own Mr. William Wilkinson is an admirable pianist, and created a marked sensation in the second part. Unfortunately the piano he used was very indifferent, and militated largely against his



playing. W<sup>r</sup>. William Wilkinson proved himself an excellent-accompanied in all the songs from *Elijah*. The selection consisted of the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook: the air "Hear ye Israel," by Mrs. Alexander Newton; the tenor solo, "If with all your hearts," by Mr. Bridge Frodsham; the trio, "Lift thine eyes," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham; the contralto air, "Oh! rest in the Lord," by Miss Louisa Nevett; and the quartet, "Come every one that thirsteth," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook. I need not pause to point out the deficiency felt from want of an orchestra, nor affirm how much Mendelssohn's splendid music suffered thereby, more especially as Mr. Wilkinson presided so ably at the piano as accompanist; nor need I hint at the substitution in the trio, "Lift thine Eyes," of a tenor for a soprano, more especially as Mr. Bridge Frodsham supplied the absent lady's place so satisfactorily, and left little to be desired. Mrs. Alexander Newton sang "Hear ye Israel," magnificently; and the quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," was encored. Mrs. Alexander Newton made a decided impression. Her clear, pure, soprano voice, and the ringing quality of the upper tones, carried away the audience. I cannot give praise to the system of cutting oratorios, much less to giving the selections with the mere accompaniment of a piano. It is a mistake, and is unjust to the composer. Of the second part, which was more in favour with the public, I have but little to say. Bishop's glee, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook, was encored. It was very nicely sung. Mr. Bridge Frodsham's high tenor notes come out with great effect in compositions of this kind. Mr. Henry Farmer executed in a highly skilful manner Ernst's "Carnaval de Venise," and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Alexander Newton's brilliant version of the scena, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, was unanimously and urgently encored. A very charming ballad, by Clement White, called, "Ah! why didst thou tell me?" obtained the warmest encore of the evening. Mr. Bridge Frodsham rendering it with remarkable taste and expression. Miss Nevett, Mrs. Alexander's pupil, gave a new song, by one S. New (appropriate name), called "The Greek Slave," and exhibited a very pleasing voice, and a nice musical feeling. I should have wished she had something better to sing. Miss Nevett, I learned after the concert, was labouring under the effects of a recent fright, caught from an accident on her way to the station at King's Cross, by which she was nearly killed. The cab in which she rode was overturned and literally dashed to pieces, and Miss Nevett had to be dragged through the window, almost, as it may easily be imagined, in a state of insensibility. Of course, under such circumstances, great allowance must be made. Nevertheless, Miss Nevett gave indications of no ordinary ability. Among the other noticeable pieces of this part were, "Lo here the gentle Lark," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, vocalised like a bird, with violin obligato, vice flute, by Mr. Henry Farmer. "The Death of Nelson," by Mr. Bridge Frodsham; and the contralto air, "Nobil Signer," from the *Huguenots*, by Miss Louisa Nevett. The concert terminated with "God save the Queen." Mr. William Wilkinson acted as conductor.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Charles Pitt, who for some seasons shared the leading tragic parts in our Theatre Royal, has been since that period sojourning in the United States, performing in a large number of theatres with very general success. Returned again to England, he has made his appearance at the Queen's Theatre, and on Thursday evening we were present at a part of his performance of the crooked-backed tyrant, "Richard III." The proverbial plenty of Brother Jonathan appears to have been useful, for he comes back to the land of his fathers considerably increased in substance, which, to a certain extent, detracts from that excellent make-up of his features we have so often had occasion to notice. His voice retains its power, and we thought it more flexible than on many former occasions. Of his acting, surrounded as he was by so little to assist his efforts or to carry out his meaning, it would be unjust to speak lightly; but we may venture to say, that we could not agree with his conception of the scene with Lady Anne;

his levity was too apparent, and he lacked that fine delicacy of manner that could "wee'dle with the devil," or win the woman he had so recently made a widow. His best recommendation is, as it always was, that he plays earnestly, and with energy, whilst his tact and knowledge of stage business are considerable. In better company we can easily imagine him to have been much more effective, for the poetry of the scene was sadly managed, and it required a larger sketch of imagination than we are blessed with to believe the men we saw as soldiers and courtiers were not playing a joke upon us. Mrs. Weston, formerly of the Theatre Royal, played the "Queen" with a considerable degree of talent.—(*Manchester Examiner*.)

LIVERPOOL MUSICAL UNION.—It is with pleasure we record the successful establishment of this society among us. Mr. Haddock's appeal has been responded to in a mode which leaves no doubt of the existence of genuine musical predisposition in Liverpool. The performance on Friday evening last exhibited a care in the preparation, illustrated by practical excellence, which is not to be excelled in the boasted classical reunions of the metropolis. We noticed many of the leading artistes of the musical profession present, who expressed themselves in the most enthusiastic terms, and hoped, with ourselves, that a new era is dawning upon Liverpool, when true harmony will meet with universal encouragement. Press of matter has compelled us to postpone our notice of the performance till next week.—(*Liverpool Mail*.)

WORCESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—Miss Hayewood of the Royal Academy, gave an evening concert at the Natural History Room, on Thursday (Oct. 9). The singers were Miss Reeves, Miss Harriet Ward, Miss Hayewood, Mr. J. Jones, and Mr. Poole; instrumentalists, Miss Kate Loder and Miss Rachel Evans (pianists); and Mr. J. H. D'Egville (violin). In addition, the members of the Worcester Philharmonic Society lent their services. The overtures to *La Guzza Ladra* and *Preciosa* were played by the band. The singing in general was good, but does not claim our special notice. The only encore of the evening was awarded to Miss Kate Loder, who created quite a furor in Prudent's *Lucia di Lammermoor* fantasia, and was encored enthusiastically. The fair artist substituted Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" in E minor, a still more splendid and far more gratifying display of executancy. In consequence of the badness of the weather, the concert was not so well attended as was expected.

READING—AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—We are informed that arrangements are in progress for the re-organisation, and, it is hoped, establishment on a permanent basis, of a musical society in this town, to comprise all the professional musicians who are disposed to aid in an object of the kind, in addition to the amateur vocalists and instrumentalists lately belonging to the musical society, of which Mr. John Taylor was for a long time the secretary, but which was for some reason dissolved at the close of the last season. At the pressing solicitation of the projectors of the new society, the veteran leader of the old Amateur Society, Mr. Venua, has consented again to wield the baton in the character of their conductor; and under such a leadership we are sanguine in our anticipation of the renewal of the almost forgotten triumphs of the amateur society which was once so great an ornament to the town, and which placed Reading in a musical position that but few provincial towns could surpass. Already, the society has the promise of about fifty members, and several professional gentlemen have undertaken to assist at its practices and rehearsals. It will have one strong claim upon the public that we feel assured will be thoroughly appreciated—the proceeds of its concerts, after deducting the necessary expenses, are in every instance to be devoted to some of the charitable and other public institutions in the town. That the proposed society will be generally approved as well as appreciated we can hardly doubt; a present instance of the feeling being given by the Rev. J. C. Grainger having most cheerfully and kindly granted the gratuitous use of the school-rooms in Crown-street, for the society's meetings. A deficiency of wood wind instruments is at present complained of, but we trust this little obstacle will soon be overcome.

**BARNET.**—Mr. Frank Bodda's Evening Concert came off on Wednesday the 8th. He was assisted by the Misses Messent and Lascelles, and Mr. W. H. Grattan (vocalists), and Kate Loder. The programme was varied and attractive, and included the usual share of popular items. Kate Loder's performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Schulhoff's "Carnaval de Venise" was encored unanimously. We never heard this delightful artist play with more brilliant effect. Miss Lascelles is a pupil of Mr. Frank Bodda, and made her first appearance in public on this occasion. As a *debutante* she was decidedly successful. Her voice is a *mezzo-soprano* of nice quality, the lower notes being rich and resonant. Mr. Frank Bodda was encored in several of his favourite songs. The Town Hall, where the concert was given, was very full.

### Reviews of Music.

FLURS EMBLEMATIQUES POUR LE PIANO, PAR JAKES BLUMENTHAL.

No. 1. Primevère.

No. 4. Romarin.

" 2. Violette.

" 5. Pensée.

" 3. Rose.

" 6. Héliotrope.

Cramer, Beale and Co.; Paris, Brandus and Cie.

Excepting always those very few whose transcendent merits distinguish them from all others, we may divide musicians into two classes.

The first of these, or at least that which critics have the habit to rank as the higher, consists of such as aim at a very high standard of excellence, but who see not with sufficient clearness the points they would strike; in other words, who rather emulate the beautiful, than appreciate it; who feel that there is something in the productions of the great masters beyond what admits of technical definition; as melodious progression, rhythm, harmonic combination and construction, but who cannot feel what constitutes this distinctive quality, and so vaguely strive to attain it in their own compositions, supposing that forced originality, or redundant elaboration of contrapuntal treatment, or of modulation, will give to their music that character which their intelligence enables them to observe in the works of others, but which their want of musical feeling prevents them from originating in their own.

Composers of this class we may designate artists of circumstance, who either, we believe, upon the task of composition from design rather than from impulse; and, being men who possess in a greater or less degree an elevated order of intellectual capacity, apply all their powers to the cultivation of an art to which they have no natural vocation, and thus give to the world that very large mass of music which is without interest either for the professor, or for the layman, and which, while it is free from fault, is equally void of beauty.

The second class consists of those who are content to reflect the impressions they receive from those great works of art which their musical organization enables them to appreciate, although not to equal; and who, avoiding plagiarism, without producing anything new, reproduce these impressions in such varied forms and unaccustomed combinations, and so modified by the particular temperament and proficiency of the writer, as to give them, if not a decided originality, certainly a distinctive character, which must always have its amount of interest.

These we will distinguish as artists of nature, and the class comprises many composers whose position is next to that of the very highest; men who write, we may believe, from the love of writing, not from the ambition to distinguish themselves; from the necessity to write, not from the necessity for the profit of their productions, and who are, therefore, satisfied to put down the first thoughts that occur to them as they first occur to them, without torturing them out of their natural forms to force upon them an appearance of originality which they do not possess; or making the subject of such elaborate treatment as, being uncongenial to the ideas them-

selves, would annul the effect of their spontaneous freshness, and substitute nothing but pedantry and dullness in the place of it.

It is to this second class, though an humble member, that the author of the publications under notice belongs. His writings are characterized by fluency, spontaneous melody, decided feeling for something above commonplace, brilliancy, and a very large amount of effect for the executant, in proportion to the difficulty by means of which it is attained; but they show a want of schooling in their stiffness, and at the same time want of clearness, perspicuity, intention of construction, and in their occasional crudity of detail. Thus we find in them, without any striking originality, many truly charming ideas, and some very elegant passages that display, with good effect, the peculiarities of the instrument for which they are written; but an obvious want of purpose in the plan, which gives to them occasionally a vague wandering effect of lengthiness that approaches tedium, and some examples of harmonic combination or progression that, if not decidedly harsh, are certainly unsatisfactory. Upon the whole they are certainly of a description of music that will improve the taste, and stimulate the feeling of that order of players for whose performance they were designed, persons of that degree of intelligence whose literary appetite is satisfied with the diet of the ephemeral fashionable novels; who can appreciate elegance, who dream of beauty, but who know of sublimity nothing but its place in the dictionary.

"Primevère" is the most pretentious of the pieces before us and for that reason one of the most satisfactory. It contains all the faults we have specified as belonging generally to the writer, which are scarcely balanced by two very graceful melodic phrases. Its effect is certainly lengthy, the modulations are not well judged, and there is a passage in the key of G sharp major, at the bottom of page 5, that we think cannot gratify any ears but those of the author.

"Violette" is much shorter and proportionably better. Except for some curious affectations, peculiar to the author, and, especially an adventurous C sharp in the second bar that seems to have lost itself in a wrong key, and cannot find its way to a resolution, we should like it exceedingly.

"Rose" is a very graceful piece for the drawing-room.

"Romarin" as some resemblance to the funeral march in the *Gazza Ladra*, and it is written with some of the best things of Dussek; we are not displeased to be reminded of this great original.

"Pensée" is our favourite of the series. The chief melody is unfortunately like Mr. Linley's ballad of "Constance," but the whole piece is, nevertheless, a most elegant and agreeable trifle.

"Héliotrope" we like the least of all. Even this, however, has quite enough in it to redeem it from inattention. A phrase occurring first in the key of B flat at page 5, which is not dissimilar to a popular subject in *Maritana*, is very pleasing.

In conclusion, we find more merit, and far more interest in these pieces, and in music of this character, than in the would be classical attempts of those composers who pervert such powers as nature has given them, in straining to produce what they cannot really conceive, and so giving nothing but tedious abortions to the world.

MARCHE MILITAIRE—POUR LE PIANO, PAR BLUMENTHAL.—  
Cramer, Beale & Co.

All that has been said generally of the preceding pieces applies equally to this. It is brilliant, and comparatively easy; and it is certainly effective.

### CANDIDATES FOR THE STAGE.

As war is called "the needy bankrupt's last resort," so is the stage often considered a certain haven of refuge for all who are unfit for anything else, or too idle to learn the rudiments of a laborious calling. It is the only trade which teaches itself, or comes by inspiration without apprenticeship. If Pitt was a "heaven-born minister" without experience, why not a perfect actor without practice? "I think I could do it quite as well, if not better!"

This is a common delusion of the untried theatrical tyro, who from pit or gallery listens to the applause which a Kemble or a Kean can only elicit after twenty years' drudgery. It is in vain to point this out to him. He tells you of Holland, and Powell, and Mossop, and Sheridan, who became actors all at once, and of Spranger Barry, who stepped from behind the counter on the boards, a perfect "Othello," and two years afterwards shook Garrick on his throne. All this was once said to me by a blear-eyed stripling without a voice, and not more than five-feet-one in stature, who wanted to come out in "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." I ventured to remark that Barry was singularly endowed by nature with physical requisites, such as are seldom combined in the same person, and that without some external gifts the case was hopeless. "Oh," said he, "genius could do without those paltry aids. Le Kain, the great French tragedian, was little and deformed, with a cast in his eye, a defective utterance, and an inexpressive face. Henderson spoke as if he had worsted in his mouth, had flat features, and a clumsy figure. Garrick was short and fat, and Edmund Kean was often husky." Heaven knows where he had picked up these rebutting facts, for he seemed to me profoundly uneducated, and spoke with a provincial accent which made my blood curdle.

Not long ago, a young lady wrote to me from the country, requesting to know if I could give her a benefit. She had never acted, and had never studied any particular character, but would undertake any leading part in tragedy I might suggest. She informed me she was engaged to be married, and could hit on no other means of furnishing her *trousseau*, or of detaining her affianced lord from an impending emigration to America. Another time, an angry candidate told me if I refused to engage him, he would appeal to the public, and publish my correspondence. As I could not for my life recollect that I had ever committed myself by writing to him, I was quite at a loss to guess how he could do this, but I told him calmly, as that was his intention, I would take care he should have very little to publish. The following letter is a specimen, from among the few I have preserved:—

"Sir,—I am a young man is daziro of actin sheakspeer in youre theter. i hav a gud iddicashun, an am careless of trubl an ix-pisins—I luk for no remunnerashon, I am wurthy to cummand, an in the meane time waite yur plaishure. an anser to a B at 8, Boot Lane wil confer obbliggashun. i doe not minshun my name til resaiing a favrite anser.—Youres, &c.

PATRICK FLYNN.

Here is another, in a different strain, from a fair lady:—

"I have long resolved on a plunge which will determine the colour of my future life. The stage is my passion, and I am well read in the best dramatic authors. I have never acted, but have rehearsed twice before good judges, who assure me that I shall distance all competition. I wish to know what I am to expect for three performances of 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Julia,' in the 'Hunchback,' and 'Ophelia'; the three plays altered and re-written by myself to suit my own conceptions. I am twenty-three, my figure is *petite*, and has been pronounced faultless. My features are expressive, my eyes and hair dark, and my voice melodious. I do not think much of any actress now on the stage, and have formed ideas of my own, which I shall be happy to communicate, if this letter leads to what I wish—an interview. The bearer waits for your answer."

\*On this occasion, I felt curious to see my correspondent, and appointed time and place. She came in form, attended by a duenna, and presented to my view a little, fat, swarthy individual, unquestionably on the shady side of thirty-five, and altogether what the French call *laide a faire peur*. She was equally astonished and indignant that I would not encourage her views, and still more at my refusing to read her improvements on Shakspeare and Knowles. I was once actually challenged by an Amazon, or as I heard her emphatically called, "an Ajax of a woman," who had tormented me through many channels into giving her an appearance, and most unjustly suspected I had some share in a cri-

ticism on her performance which appeared in one of the papers, and was anything but flattering. She disguised herself as a naval officer, pretended to arrive suddenly at Gresham's from Kingstown, and wrote to the colonel commanding the garrison for a military second, as being an unprovided stranger. I verily believe she would have shot me if I had given her the opportunity, which I had no intention of doing, but the hoax exploded before there was any necessity to show fight.

I have always set myself stubbornly against the ambitious yearnings of stage-struck heroes or heroines. I have a natural disinclination to encourage young persons of either sex to embark in a profession where the chances of failure far outnumber the probabilities of success. I consider the metropolitan boards as an ineligible arena for these experiments, and, in a commercial point of view, the days have long passed when "the first appearance of a young lady or gentleman on any stage" produced an inflammation of the treasurer's accounts. I have got rid of many troublesome applications, and have spared the public some wearisome hours, by establishing a regular series of charges which the most confident and enthusiastic hesitate to encounter. Every unfledged novice who is burning to smell the lemps, assures you that he has interest to fill the house to suffocation; that his friends and the public are dying to see him; that the garrison will turn out to a man; that he is almost sure of the Lord Lieutenant's patronage; and that you are mad to deliberate. But if you remain deaf to the voice of the charmer, and say, in reply, "then pay me the moderate sum I require in exchange for all these brilliant advantages, and take them to yourself," he pauses immediately, becomes blind to the alluring prospect, bows himself out, and ceases from further importunity.

Before the late reduction in prices, my regular scale was as follows:—

For an appearance in a five-act play	£70
Ditto in a three-act play	50
Ditto in a two-act farce	30
Ditto in an interlude, in one act	20
For my witnessing either of the above	10 extra.

Always excepting the last item, I should now, as a matter of course, modify all these charges to meet the depression of the times. I never found but one candidate enthusiastic enough to act on these conditions. He compounded for a selection from the "Revenge," in one act, to be considered as an interlude, and for which he paid £25. I "put him up," as the phrase goes, on the benefit night of a favourite comic actor. As he made his exit after the first soliloquy of "Zanga," a gallery wag said, very politely, "Thank'ee, sir, that will do;" which disconcerted the debutant for several minutes.—*Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager.*

### Miscellaneous.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF THE SON OF MR. JULES BENEDICT. —It is with the sincerest regret we have to announce a fatal accident which occurred on the Rhone on the 4th of the present month, to the son of Mr. Benedict, the eminent composer, a fine boy of 12 or 14 years of age, and which has plunged his family in the greatest affliction. The following letter, dated Marseilles, October, 6th, gives all the particulars which have reached us:—"You remember, of course, the old bridge of St. Esprit, the existence of which is a disgrace to the French government. It offers an obstruction to the course of the river, similar to that of old London Bridge when the tide was on the ebb. When there is much water in the Rhone it effects a complete rapid, so that great attention and dexterity are then required 'to shoot' the arch; the passage under which is at all times attended with more or less danger. On the occasion to which I allude (the 4th inst.), the river, swollen by recent rain, was barely practicable, and yet they neglected to lower the chimney of the steamer on passing. One of the crew seeing the danger (for the helmsman was unable to



keep us in the centre) ran forward, but he was too late. The chimney struck the arch, broke in the middle, and fell abait amongst a number of passengers, who had assembled at its base for heat and shelter, for the morning was cold and windy. Several English families were among the number, chiefly young girls, whose mothers happened to be at a distant part of the vessel. The confusion caused by the accident was very great, and it was increased by the smoke and soot which enveloped those in the neighbourhood of the funnel. As soon as it cleared away, it appeared that a fine boy, the son of Mr. Benedict, the composer, was dangerously wounded. An English physician, who was on board, gave every assistance, and the unfortunate youth was landed at Avignon, but, spite of every exertion, he expired during the evening from the injuries he received."

**AWARD OF PRIZE FOR PIANO FORTES.**—It would appear that the jurors, consisting of eminent professors of music, appointed to make the awards for the musical section of the Exhibition, had decreed to Messrs. Collard and Collard, the well-known pianoforte makers, a first class prize, the decision being unanimous. Another jury, called the group jury, consisting mainly of non-musical members, to whom the award had been subsequently submitted, have thought proper to reverse the decision, and to assign Messrs. Collard a secondary prize. Messrs. Collard have, in consequence, addressed a letter to the Royal Commissioners, protesting against such proceeding, and declaring their intention to reject any award but the one decreed to them by the musical jurors, and which decree they assert to be concurred in by a large body of the public, "among whom may be cited the names of some of the most eminent native and foreign professors of the age." They further state that it had never been intimated to them that the number or character of the various improvements introduced by them, and secured by patent right, should be brought into consideration, otherwise they would have been prepared to show that in this respect they were quite on an equality with their competitors. They had relied upon the supposition that the test of merit would be confined to the particular instruments exhibited, and which it will be seen was unanimously recognised by the musical jury in their favour. Messrs. Collard therefore request that the award be reconsidered, or that they be permitted to be heard before any competent tribunal to substantiate their claims. To this letter Mr. E. A. Bowring, acting secretary, replies on behalf of Her Majesty's commissioners, stating that at present (the letter is dated August 13th) they have no official cognisance of the awards of the various juries, and consequently are not in a position to entertain the question raised. In a second letter, Messrs. Collard stated that "No less than three great medals have been awarded among the few organs exhibited; while the pianofortes, one of the staples of our commerce, of which there are nearly 200 specimens, contributed by upwards of 100 exhibitors, the award has been limited to one great medal; an anomaly which we conceive is perfectly irreconcilable with the comparative commercial importance of the two instruments."—(*Manchester Times*).

Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON and Mr. BRIDGE FRODSHAM have been singing at the Rotunda Room in Dublin with great *ecclat*. Mr. Levey, of the Theatre Royal, offered a renewal of their engagement to both lady and gentleman, but their services were required at Reading next week and they could not stay.

**ALEXANDER LEE.**—We regret to have to record the death of this well known and highly talented composer, which occurred last week. Alexander Lee was formerly the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and occasionally musical director under Mr. Bunn's management, and was the author of several ballads which obtained great popularity.

**THE GREAT ORGAN FOR ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.**—At the last meeting of the Town-council of Liverpool, Mr. J. B. Lydd stated that after the most mature consideration of the merits of various buildings, and seeing the organ which Mr. Willis had produced for the Great Exhibition, and the novelties introduced into that instrument, the committee had come to the unanimous conclusion that Mr. Willis should be the person to whom the building of the organ for St. George's Hall should be entrusted. The organ in question is intended to be larger than any other in the world, about twice the size of the famous one at Haarlem, and is intended to be furnished with at least 120 stops.

**PROFESSOR WILSON.**—We regret to learn that in consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor Wilson, he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session. Principal Lee is to undertake the duty for the learned professor.

**RACHEL.**—Such is the success of Mdle. Rachel's representations at Milan, that a mere admission to the theatre costs six Austrian lire, and a seat six more. An Austrian lire is equivalent to a French franc.

**AMATEUR ACTORS.**—The first performances out of London of the amateur actors playing for the Guild of Literature and Art, are fixed for November the 10th and November the 12th, at Bath and Bristol.

**A MUSICAL PRODIGY.**—The *Constitutionnel* of Paris speaks in the highest praise of a prodigy whose name is Paladilhe, the very young son of a physician at Montpellier, and whose power and precocity in music are said to be almost without precedent save in the case of Mozart. This is news, as we have a hundred times said, which, however welcome, cannot be received without grave solicitude by those who count up the instances of wreck and waste caused by too eager an acceptance, and too feverish a development of what may be called infant genius.—*Athenæum*.

**MDLLE. RUMMEL.**—This fair vocalist was lately married to M. Schott the well known music publisher at Brussels.

**MDLLE DUPREZ** has been singing with great success at Brussels in the *Somnambula* and *Le Prophete*.

**CARL OBERTHUR**, the talented harpist and composer, is at Brussels.

**ANECDOTE OF PORPORA.**—A cardinal being desirous to obtain a good organist for his chapel, requested Porpora to attend the service for the purpose of giving his opinion upon the probationary performance of a candidate, who had been especially recommended to his eminence. In an attempt to extemporise at the opening of the service, Porpora readily discovered the organist's superficial knowledge of the science. The cardinal, after the mass, inquired with much anxiety Porpora's opinion of a person so favourably introduced to his notice, received this reply, "He must needs be a man of unbounded charity." "Well, well, but I want to know your opinion of him as a musician." "I have already given it," said Porpora; "for he letteth not his left hand know what his right doeth."

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